Simp. Marry Sir, I come to ſpeake with Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* from Maſter *Slender*.

Hoſt. There's his Chamber, his Houſe, his Caſtle his ſtanding bed and truckle-bed: 'tis painted about with the ſtory of the Prodigall, freſh and new: goe, knocke and call: hee'l ſpeake like an Anthropophaginian vnto thee; Knocke I ſay.

Simp. There's an olde woman, a fat woman gone vp into his chamber; ile be ſo bold as ſtay Sir till ſhe come down I come to ſpeake with her indeed.

Hoſt. Ha? A fat woman? The Knight may be robb'd; Ile call. Bully-Knight, Bully Sir *Iohn*; ſpeake from thy Lungs Military; Art thou there? It is thine Hoſt, thine Epheſian cals.

Fal. How now, mine Hoſt?

Hoſt. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar taries the comming downe of thy fat-woman. Let her deſcend (Bully) let her deſcend; my Chambers are honourable; Fie, priuacy? Fie.

Fal. There was (mine Hoſt) an old-fat-woman euen now with me, but ſhe's gone.

Simp. Pray you Sir, was't not the Wiſe-woman of *Brainford*?

Fal. I marry was it (Muſſel-ſhell) what would you with her?

Simp. My Maſter (Sir) my maſter *Slender*, ſent to her ſeeing her go thorough the ſtreets, to know (Sir) whether one *Nim* (Sir) that beguil'd him of a chaine, had the chaine or no.

Fal. I ſpake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what ſayes ſhe, I pray Sir?

Fal. Marry ſhee ſayes, that the very ſame man that beguil'd Maſter *Slender* of his Chaine, cozon'd him of it.

Simp. I would I could haue ſpoken with the Woman her ſelfe, I had other things to haue ſpoken with her too, from him.

Fal.

Fal. What are they? let vs k

Hoſt. I; come, quicke.

Fal. I may not conceale ther

Hoſt. Conceale them, or thou

Sim. Why ſir, they were not *Page*, to know if it were my M no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What Sir?

Fal. To haue her, or no: g ſo.

Simple May I be bold to ſay

Fal. I Sir: like who more bo

Simp. I thanke your worſhip: with theſe tydings.

Hoſt. Thou are clearkly; tho there a wiſe woman with thee?

Fal. I that there was (mine me more wit, then euer I learn' paid nothing for it neither, ning.

Bar. Out alas (Sir) cozona

Hoſt. Where be my horſes letto.

Bar. Run away with the I came beyond *Eaton*, they th one of them, in a ſlough of away; like three *Germane-ſtaffes*.

Hoſt. They are gone but to doe not ſay they be fled: *Germ*

Euans. Where is mine *Hoſt*?

Hoſt. What is the matter Sir?

Euan. Haue a care of your friend of mine come to Town Cozen-Iermans, that has coze

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22301) LONDON, 1630 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURG